Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes heere?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the entrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?
Qu, Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.
Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu, Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:
Qu Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers body,
And make her pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. O, *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me I haue wept for thee.
Qu, Mar. Beare with me I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottell'd spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.
Qu Mar. I call thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,
I call thee then poore shaddow painted Queene,
The presentation of but-what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurled downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A signe